great a barrier to any such move as to make it next to impossible. Your stock law alone is sufficient to deter every intelligent person from entering our borders as a permanent resident. When J. F. settled this place in 1866 his nearest neighbor was five miles away, and when an old acquaintance, an old-time resident of the state, arrived to move into one of our unoccupied shanties with his family he was hailed with open arms. Well, he brought a pig and J. F. had a little garden patch that he had tended with maternal care, getting it into prime condition, when to his dismay he say one morning the tail of that pig just sticking out of a hole he had made in digging our crop. We immediately informed our friend of the fact and requested him to put his pig in a pen. Our friend replied: "Fix your fence." Now, we didn't have time to build hog-tight fences and the pig destroyed our garden. Not long after our friend invited us over to help slaughter the pig, which we gladly AGRI — 3 ..... did, congratulating ourself that that trouble was ended, but in less than a week our friend brought in two pigs and turned loose. That was the last straw and our friend was ordered off our premises, pigs and all, and these two pigs have been the last ones to run at large in this community that were owned by our people. According to our laws, our friend had a legal right to turn as many hogs loose upon us as he pleased, and that is the case all over the state—a statute well enough in the early days, but as great a curse to the present conditions of affairs as can possibly be enacted; a statute that favors one industry at the expense of all others; and yet our intelligent legislators would all die in fits if an act should be presented to them to modify that law. At the same time they can cry for immigration! They require better pasturage for their cows and pigs—in their neighbor's field, I suppose.

To conclude, Florida is in no condition to invite foreign immigration, and won't be for many years to come. What immigration the state has received has been from the Western states, and it is only of late years that they were favorably received. The few points I have named regarding the matter are only a few of the adverse conditions the immigrant meets on his arrival here. Get the state ready and then ask people to come if you would be successful.

Trucking in East Carolina.

We find in the Southern Farm Magazine an article on trucking in the eastern part of North Carolina. The conditions are, of course, quite different from those in this state, but still there is something to be learned from the account of what is being done.

With good soil and a much milder climate, Florida farmers ought to be able to make better showings, and would do so if they were not handicapped by excessive freight rates.

We need better roads. The hauling of acres of fruits and vegetables over sand roads is not a light task. The material is not at hand for macadamizing our roads. Oiled roads have found good and economical in California, why not try them in this state?

Perhaps a bad cold, contracted since I came north of Mason and Dixon's line, has intensified my wish to be back along the eastern coast of North Carolina, where I spent the past week. But whether that is the case or not, it is a revelation to a man of the latitude of Maryland, accustomed to seeing at this time of the year brown fields and leafless trees, to pay a visit to the trucking section around Wilmington. They've got a climate there that the Wilmingtonians justly brag about, and it does not become tiresome to you to hear about it, somehow, for you feel it. Every breath you draw is a pleasure, and you commiserate with the bankers and storekeepers that have to spend their days indoors instead of out in the open.

The heart of the farmer here, as it is very generally the case in the South just now, is made glad, not so much by the air, because farmers are a pretty healthy lot and have not time to bother about their breathing apparatus, but on account of the fact that the land they own is yielding an income and a net profit that no other safe business would show. They tell great tales about what the farmers along the eastern coast are making off their crops, and every word of it is true.

I talked with one man who had less than 20 acres under cultivation in lettuce, and he has been offered in the past few days by a commission house $10,000 for his crop in the field. He is holding it for $15,000. Of course, this is an exceptional case, but lands are selling there as high as $250 an acre (and good land can be bought as low as $40 and $50 an acre), and, as far as I am able to judge, there must be something or other valuable about farming land worth that price. The Wilmington district is already a great trucking center. Twenty-seven hundred carloads of strawberries (mind you not crates, but carloads) were shipped from here last year. They are bringing in farmers from Northern Italy, and Greeks from the Island of Crete, and sturdy Americans from Illinois and Iowa are going there in increasing numbers to try how it goes to raise two or three crops a year.

Speaking of the Island of Crete, an enterprising land agent persuaded a prince of royal blood to come to Wilmington and try his hand at tilling the soil. His success is already assured, helped, it is true, by the fact that the Greeks that accompanied him are still his devoted followers and do a large part of his work without pay, besides tilling their own patches. That is something of a "cinch" that most of us have not been able to bring about in our own affairs.

They have demonstration farms there and experimental stations to show those not accustomed to trucking just how the best results may be obtained, and they cite you almost numberless instances of men that are now working 20-acre farms and putting by in the bank $2,000 to $3,000 every year, besides getting a living. The state department of agriculture published an estimate in 1901 showing the average net profits per acre of vegetables grown in the Wilmington district, and although there are no reports on file showing the average profit per acre of lettuce and strawberries, the following will be interesting:

Asparagus, $93.63.
Beets, $95.
Cabbage, $113.61.
Cucumbers, $175.
Irish potatoes, $101.60.
Sweet potatoes, $106.50.
Tomatoes, $94.72.

I could write from now until tomorrow, and maybe longer, about the way these figures are borne out, and more in the actual profits that are being realized. One typical instance will suffice. A man bought a farm of 60 acres in 1902 for $3,000. He had no free cash capital to start with, although the farm was under cultivation when he bought it and was provided with mules, farming implements, etc. He bought it on credit. At the end of two years he paid for the farm completely, built a large barn which cost $600, and had $500 over and above all expenses.

The largest profits realized by this man were from lettuce, as it grows faster than any other vegetable and always brings a higher price. This year he has two acres in lettuce under canvas and one and one-half acres outside. His first lettuce shipment of 236 baskets averaged him about $2.50 per basket. He had the rest of his 20 acres in beets, Irish potatoes, cabbage, peas, sweet corn, tomatoes, cantaloupes, cucumbers, etc., and besides he raises all of his own hay and oats and has not paid a single dollar for forage for his four teams since the first year. They raise two crops of lettuce every year.

The profits they are making from strawberries seem almost as incredulous. Land which four years ago within 30 miles of Wilmington cost $10 an acre has since been put under cultivation for strawberries and could not today be bought for $200. These people evlaim that their strawberry crops never fail, and they have raised each year an average of 150 crates of berries to the acre, representing a net profit, all expenses off, of $110 per acre.

Of course, all of this is scientific farming, but it is the best kind of farming. They take as much care of their plants, and more, than the average housewife does of her window garden.

While they have an annual rainfall of nearly 60 inches, or about five inches per month, one man is so enterprising and sees such possibilities in the development of his place that he has erected, at large cost, a system of overhead pipes which, supplied from a tank and pumping station, spray his beds at regular intervals; and the scheme is so uniquely devised that the same tank and pipes serve for spraying liquid fertilizer.

To the man in the North, where the long winter has already set in, all of this may sound too good to be true, and, as the people of Wilmington justly say, the statements that they make are purposely mild, because they realize that the simple truth if stated accurately would be regarded as a fairy story.

Whether the average farmer wants to consider or not the hard work that is necessitated by trucking, (for, of course, it is hard work), it is mighty tempting to have such large profits assured from a "business" which is, unfortunately, in many sections not profitable, and to realize that a few years spent in this territory will almost certainly give one something for the proverbial rainy day. It is a question which each man must decide for himself. As a city man, knowing the cares and perplexities of business life, I must confess to a yearning for a farm which yields such assured profits and with the conditions for working the most favorable that nature could devise. How much more attractive it must be to the experienced farmer who understands, almost from intuition, the possibilities of soil of all grades, climatic influences and what he has been accustomed to earn from his labor.

The soil in this section is very largely what the government terms "Norfolk sandy loam" and "Norfolk fine sandy loam," which consists of a medium or fine sandy loam, grading into yellow sandy clay of 12 to 20 inches, underlaid by stiff, tenacious yellow clay. On account of the light, sandy nature of these surface soils they are the first to warm up in the spring, and consequently produce the earliest yields. The clay subsoil acts as a self-irrigating reservoir, supplying moisture to the plants as needed, while the porous character of the surface prevents an accumulation of water detrimental to the growth and cultivation of crops. It is the ideal soil for trucking farming.

The railroads of this eastern coast country, particularly the Atlantic Coast Line, have established a fast-freight service which supplies the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where there are 6,500,000 people to feed and a growing demand for early vegetables and fruits to fill. The refrigerator service from Wilmington brings the products of these fields to New York tables in 36 hours, and, as a usual thing, the grower of truck is relieved of most of the responsibility in shipment, as it is the regular order for commission merchants of the Eastern cities to have their buyers constantly on the ground at Wilmington and the neighboring towns during the maturing season, buying the produce on the station platforms and paying cash on the spot.

There is an association to notify its members every morning of the market prices prevailing the previous day—a practical board of trade, as it were—enabling every farmer to know exactly what his produce is worth.

In every way, so far as I was able to judge, the conditions of handling produce in an uptodate and thoroughly business-like manner are met. The roads over which the hauling must be done for miles around Wilmington are of a good grade of macadam and labor is not high as compared with other sections. I have never seen anywhere, in an agricultural community, more abundant evidence of optimism and the cheerful contentment which makes life worth living.